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Little dust and other poems: with decorat



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# Little Dust and Other Poems

By Richard R. Kirk



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By Richard R. Kirk  
With Decorations by Jan W. Vonesh



CHICAGO  
THE BOOKFELLOWS  
CHRISTMAS, 1920

*One thousand copies of this bookly joy have been printed for  
THE BOOKFELLOWS by Luther Albertus Brewer, Bookfellow No.  
14, just before Christmas, 1920.*

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*Mr. Kirk the author is Bookfellow No. 249 and Mr. Vonesh  
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THE TORCH PRESS  
CEDAR RAPIDS  
IOWA

## Little Dust and Other Poems



### LITTLE DUST



NTIL I saw the little dust  
Of Cæsar in an urn  
I thought with those who say, We go  
And never more return.

But when I saw the little dust  
That would not mend a wall,  
I knew that God could never make  
Myself or you so small.

### GOD STOOPS

As children gather flowers,  
So fain is God to gather  
The fragrant flowers that blossom  
In His garden.

The little prayers that brush His garment's hem,  
God stoops to gather them.

### WE VISIT MY ESTATE

That cloud, now! — Just below that strip of blue! —  
You like it? — That's mine too!

## SO BROTHERLY!

A tree, as I  
Was passing by,  
Took off my hat,  
And laughed thereat!  
Good comrade tree!  
To laugh with me.

I laid me down  
With face a-frown;  
A little brook  
With laughter shook.  
Then, comrade true,  
I laughed with you!  
In meadow land  
On either hand  
They greeted me  
So brotherly! . . .

## REWARDS

Who may this flower be,  
I can guess;  
And whose the loveliness  
Of that fair tree;  
But who became this stone,  
I do not know;  
Some coldly cruel one  
Of long ago.

### THE MAKE-BELIEVE

As I bent down to spy a flower,  
Or reached to touch a spray,  
Or shut my eyes to hear a bird,  
You smiled and slipped away.

I know my part, and look and look,  
Feign wonder, go resigned.  
It's yonder rock or yonder tree  
That keeps me, seeing, blind.

### THE SUN KEPT IN

I think the Sun will be right glad again,  
To see our Garden, after all this rain !

### HASTE

I dream, I dream, I dream . . .  
I run, I run  
To catch my dream, a bubble in the sun  
I see but cannot touch,  
I love and love o'ermuch !  
I dream, I dream, and day is almost done.  
I run, I run . . . and, oh, the stars o'erhead,  
And oh, the flowers, the sweet bruised flowers  
I tread !

## MY LITTLE DONKEY

My little donkey sometimes overlooks  
My garden like a reader of strange books,  
As if to say, *Why flowers!* Dear little ass!  
Too honest to deny that *you* love *grass*!

## WHAT MEN DISPRIZE

Wise talk of foolish things  
I cannot prize;  
I must talk like a child,  
Of rivers and mountains and skies.  
For a child's heart I yearn,  
And for a child's eyes,  
To see, for a day and a night,  
What men disprize.

## IN THOUGHT

You, in my thought of you,  
Are like a blossom on a tree;  
And only I can touch you there,—  
I, who at will am bird or bee!

## O FOOLISH PETALS!

O foolish petals! with the first gay breeze,  
To leave the green tranquility of trees!



### THE SUN-DIAL

My roses cannot see the dial's face;  
My bees have their own creed;  
The silly birds that flit from place to place  
Will never learn to read;  
Only I and you, idle and wise,  
Know how time flies!

### OUR CONSIDERATE CAT

Our cat for music has no ear,  
Yet sings despite.  
I guess she thinks we cannot hear  
By night.

### CUP-BEARERS

God makes us children first  
That we may fill  
Cups for the years of thirst  
On every hill,  
And pluck from every tree  
Fair fruits of Memory  
For the years that are to be.

### DEFLOWERED

Deflowered, yet sweet with summer fragrances,  
O Garden! you and I have memories,  
Though every leaf be fallen from our trees!

### FLIGHT

Time has a way  
Of banishing  
From each to-day  
Some lovely thing;  
From each to-day  
Some thing loved most  
Time thrusts away,  
'Tis spent, 'tis lost!

Time has a way, alas! —  
Time has a way!

## LATE

It is soon by the clock,  
I need not go  
For an hour or so . . .

It is soon by the clock,  
But alas, alas!  
“Half-past life”  
By my looking-glass!

## ETERNALS

Impress of lightest things —  
Small hands impressed  
Upon my breast,  
A tiny head  
Upon my shoulder laid —  
These things  
Grave deeply their dear pattern and remain,  
Where fallen empires only leave a stain.

## CANDLES

O little cousins of the stars  
That shine in Heaven’s holy tree,  
Shine brightly in this tree, our Christmas Tree!  
And light our way to gifts withholden  
Only to gild them more divinely golden!  
As shine the stars in Heaven’s tree,  
Shine brightly in our Christmas Tree,  
O little cousins of the stars!

### A SINGER

Because he could not soar with birds  
Above the tallest trees,  
He made a little toy of words  
To mock their melodies.

Because he could not mount that hill  
Abloom with stars by night,  
He made of rose and daffodil  
A lowlier heart's-delight.

### TO GIVE YOU WONDER

To give you once again,  
In this still hour,  
This coolness after rain,  
This leaf, this flower  
Within your hand, and your old wonderings:  
*What is it flowers in flowers? What lives?*  
*What sings?*  
Perhaps you know now! Is that knowing worth  
Your wonder at the wonders of the earth?

### THE SMALLER VOICE

When March winds blustered, I believed  
The snowdrop's truer prophesy;  
And, lo, to-day the world's in flower for me!

## BUTTERCUP-BUTTERFLY

I saw you, butterfly,  
Down by the brook that runs through the meadow,  
On a thick green stalk.  
Now you flutter where you will,  
On two yellow petals.

## THE DARK ; WITH STARS

The Dark was made too small to cover  
The beautiful blue Sky all over ;  
On either side of it there's blue.  
The Dark is thin in places too,  
And lets the Day-light twinkle through.

## CROCUSES AND DAFFODILS

The mother garden has a brood  
Of crocuses and daffodils ;  
I think she found them in the wood,  
And brought them homeward o'er the hills.

They shook and shivered in the wind,  
As little ducks and goslings do  
When they are only *minutes old*  
And everything is strange and new.

## THE IMAGE-BREAKER

A fool,  
Tossing a pebble in a pool,  
Cried: "Ah, stars, how  
Fares it, your shining, now!"

## THE KEY

What if the door shut-to  
Leave darkness there within?  
How shall I hope to win  
The light of life anew?  
Thou art the prison-door, and faith in Thee  
My candle and my key!

















